

# outpost

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march 14, 1974



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# Table of contents



**4**

**Tracks are Back**  
by Jeanne Wilce and John Burns  
photos by Jeanne Wilce and Steve Derr  
Trains are replacing the car as an economical, efficient way to travel.

**8**

**Old Music, New Love**  
by Dennis McLellan  
A woman student on campus plays an unusual instrument and loves it.

**12**

**Full Sails Ahead**  
Photo Essay by Rendi Wald  
The Corinthian sailing club takes to the seas.

**14**

**Whisperings**  
by Jeanette (Jana)  
photos by Steve Derr  
A look at some religious organizations on campus and how the Lord changed the lives of many members.

**18**

**Old Friends**  
photo essay by Dana Thomas  
with a little help from Paul Simon  
What is youth without old age?

**20**

**May**  
by Michael Ruskovich  
illustrations by Paul Mene  
As graduation nears, a student decides to leave his mark on the university.

## From the Editor

It's that time of the year again. I'm talking about finals. This quarter they're here before most of us are ready for them. Winter Quarter traditionally has been one of headaches and frustration for students trying to fit what seems like a semester's worth of work into less than one full quarter.

But somehow we usually manage to leaf through the pages of our subject matter in time for final exams. And today some of us must face the first day of those loathed tests. As we are ready to embark on four days (and for some of us, nights) of intensified study, we can look back on what's happened this quarter.

Fortunately, there is much success to look back on, especially in sports. Our wrestling team once again dominated the NCAA College Division Championships and came out on top. Poly's basketball team placed first in the OCAA league. As this issue of Outpost goes to press, the basketball team is vying for top honors at the Far Western Conference Tournament here at Cal Poly. Women's basketball also had a successful season.

Poly's livestock judging team brought the championship award home from the National Western Livestock Show in Denver, Colorado.

This month is an extremely busy time for student government, particularly finance committees. If you've been wondering how much money your favorite organization or team will have to work with next year, you should find out early next quarter. Finance committee is presently listening to budget requests and will be giving their approval or disapproval of the various budgets to Student Affairs Council soon.

All this and more will be history in six more days when the quarter ends. We at Outpost see that time as a beginning to a new quarter. We have some interesting articles coming up next quarter including a revealing story about the Health Center, a look at the past, and an article on communal living.

If you think you'd be interested in working for Outpost as a writer, photographer, or advertising salesman, pull a card at registration. We're listed in the catalogue as Jour. 241-01, and the class is open to all majors.

In the meantime, good luck with finals.

William Mattoe, editor.



# Tracks are Back

by Jeanne Willes and John Burns

There's no place like home—it's still true—but how to get there? Ah, that's a horse with two lame feet in these days of odd-even rationing, gasless weekends, and slower speed limits.

Public transportation? Shades of ten hours on a Greyhound bus, cellophane packages of stale cheese and peanut butter crackers, recycled smoke-filtered air...

There is another way to go.

Amtrak's Coast Daylights, the same trains that have served the coast route under the Southern Pacific name for decades are still operating daily, serving San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, Los Angeles, San Diego and points between. In addition, there are connecting trains for students living north of the Bay Area. Connections exist for out of state cities throughout the U.S.

Under the Amtrak logo, the government-owned railroad's new motto is "We're making the trains worth traveling again." It seems to be working. Passenger traffic is picking up and things are looking better than they did when Amtrak first took over.

It wasn't an easy chore. Two out of every three passenger cars were junked and new ones ordered. Tracks needed repairs, and an overall facelift was needed desperately. Amtrak also needed to come up with new and special ideas to get people to try the new service.

slightly higher than bus fares. A round-trip ticket to Los Angeles is \$20 compared to Greyhound's \$16.75.

Reserving a seat though, can be a chancey affair. Advance reservations are necessary, sometimes up to two weeks before you plan to ride the train. But even a reservation does not guarantee a seat. On a recent trip to Los Angeles, we discovered six passengers making the entire journey in the lounge car. Their seats had been sold to someone else further up the line.

What kind of people make up the bulk of Amtrak's patrons? There's a heavy emphasis on senior citizens and the middle-aged with a sprinkling of students and children. Businessmen are discovering the train as a pleasant alternative to air travel.

Regardless of age or occupation, though, people will be people. What they do on trains is predictable—most of them sleep. Some read magazines, some gaze out the windows or strike up new friendships. Perhaps it's the arrangement of some seats that face each other, or maybe it's the freedom to wander about at will. Whatever it is, something makes the atmosphere on a train a little special. People open up more; the atmosphere is congenial.

The recreation car offers games, snacks, and, for those long trips, movies. For those who want to relax, the reclining chairs in the lounge car

can't be beat.

What has been added that is so new or special? A recent trip to Los Angeles and back revealed these new assets.

Amtrak now offers train "hostesses," counterparts to the airline stewardesses. They assist passengers with any questions or problems that might arise and provide for their comfort during the entire trip.

The hostess on a recent trip was pretty, 24-year-old Sharon Hawes from San Mateo. How did she come about applying for this sort of job?

"I've always loved traveling by train," she said. "It's fun and the scenery is great!"

Scenery is one of the major factors contributing to the train's popularity. The panoramic scenery from Arroyo Grande to Gaviota, passing through the heart of Vandenberg AFB, is never seen by the highway motorist. The Amtrak passenger sees it all.

South to Ventura, the view is equally magnificent. In some places the crashing surf is only yards from the beach. In others there are spectacular bridges and tunnels.

And there is a nude beach just above Santa Barbara. Many of the passengers who spend the entire journey sleeping seem to mysteriously wake... just in time to leap for the beach side of the train.

Aside from the scenery... For the →



Money-conscious, train fans run only

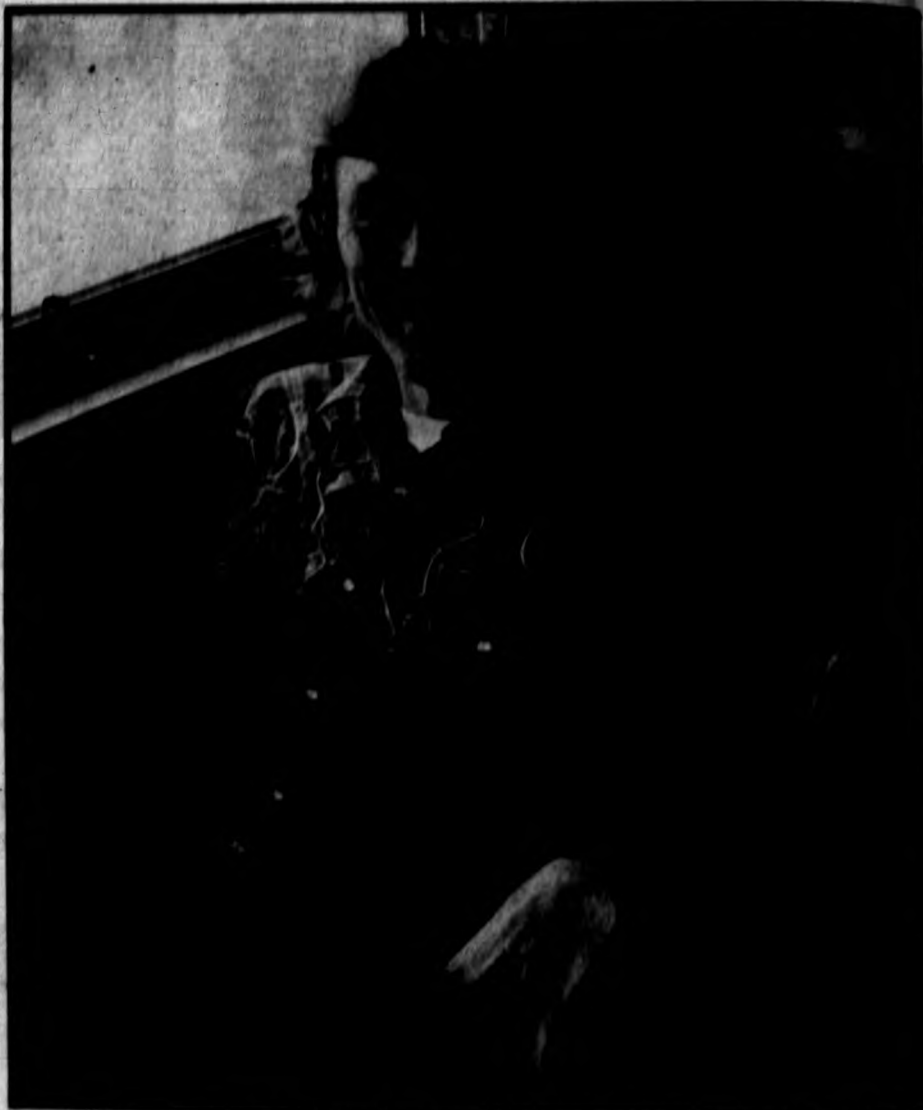
Dining in the elegance of 19th-century railroad-car luxury while magnificent scenery speeds by your window sounds romantic. Don't count on it if you're hungry. Those starched white-clothed tablecloths accented by a bud in a bottle are occupied from the time the chef begins cooking until the last scrap is put away—usually by 7 p.m. Weekends are worse than weekdays, but on our Friday afternoon trip, the lounge car and the bar car, which preceded the dining car, were continually filled with people sitting out the customary 45-minute wait for a table. At 6 p.m. the dining car stopped serving.

A much better idea, for the time being, is the European custom of toting along a large hamper full of salami, french bread, cheese, fruits, even a good bottle of wine.

Another thing to consider before rushing to the phone to reserve a seat is that trains, almost by definition, are always late. Amtrak is no different. The 1:45 p.m. southbound train may arrive in San Luis at 1:45. Then again, it may arrive at 2:15, 3:00, even 3:45 p.m. It all depends on weather conditions and other determining factors up the line that originates in Seattle. It seems the new continuous-rail tracks (no more characteristic clackity-clack) are more subject to the highs and lows of temperature, and in hot weather they expand and warp, causing traffic to be delayed. Likewise the tracks are susceptible to the special problems associated with extremely cold weather.

This is all fine if you're not in a hurry to get somewhere or if the friends waiting at the home station are patient.

Chances are if you're traveling home for the quarter break, your plans for the first evening back aren't too definite. If the train is held up, you'll gain a few extra hours to relax, catch up on sleep or whatever. When you do get home you can forget the books and be ready to hit the town with old friends.



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# Old Music, New Love





## by Dennis McLellan

Martha Carlson is in love. It's evident in the way she talks and in her easy-to-smile face. This is not an unusual predicament for a college girl, but the love of her life is not the school football star or even the boy next door. Martha is in love with lute music.

The 21-year-old graphic communication major is one of approximately 200 serious students of the lute in the United States.

The lute is an ancient stringed instrument dating back to Biblical times, and Martha's lute is an example of the rare instrument in its classical form, developed during the Renaissance. Its graceful wood body is in the shape of a halved pear. It has a fretted neck and a pegbox that bends back at a 90 degree angle to the neck. This hand-crafted instrument produces a delicate and lilting sound.

It was the lute's lilting sound that switched Martha for the first time four years ago, and its music has possessed her ever since.

"I love lute music," Martha says with a smile that reveals more than her words. "I can't think of anything I love more than lute music."

This confession may sound odd from a girl brought up in the era of electric guitars and the Beatles, but Martha, who has played guitar since she was 8, has been on both sides of the sound spectrum and she prefers the more delicate sound of the lute.

"Four years ago I was playing in a rock band in Portland," she recalls. One day a friend of mine was playing a recording of a lute. I was very attracted to it and couldn't get it out of my mind. It haunted me."

That did it. From then on she was hooked on a form of music that many consider old fashioned and dated.



Martha is now quickly bored with rock music. Occasionally she will pick up her guitar and play a rock tune, but within five minutes she finds herself putting down the guitar and picking up her lute. "I made a very dramatic change from rock music," she confesses. "I will never do rock songs again. I don't have any feeling for them."

It's obvious she does have feeling for lute music. Her enthusiasm for the lute rubs off on anyone who listens to her talk about her favorite subject. She usually spends about five hours a day working with the lute. If she's not practicing, she's doing research. She knows the subject well.

The European lute was a refinement of a Near Eastern model which reached Europe during the Middle Ages. The name is derived from the Arabic "al ud" which means "the wood."

The lute enjoyed its greatest popularity during the Renaissance. It was as popular then as the piano is

today. The lute was used in ensembles and was a perfect accompaniment for the voice in that time.

Around 1780 the lute began declining in popularity. Martha found two reasons for this decline. One is the difficulty in keeping the lute tuned and the other is that the lute has an obscure system of music, known as tablature, which is not played on any other instrument. Tablature involves "reading" letters instead of notes. Rhythm is indicated by symbols above the letters.

"It normally takes a lute player up to six weeks to learn a song at concert level," Martha says. "But you never quit learning. My teacher claims she doesn't know how to play yet."

Although Martha says it is easy to find an ordinary lute on the market, it is difficult to find a good one. Prices range from \$250 up to \$8,000. Martha searched for two years before she finally found a 10-year-old lute that was on its way to being donated to Stanford University. It was hand-crafted in Switzerland and was two years in the making. She was able to buy it for \$800.

Considering Martha's talent and knowledge of music, it's surprising that she is not a music major. Instead she has chosen to major in graphic communications. "The glamour jobs are hard to get into and there is a lot of competition," she says. "I must be very practical about a job."

A very practical attitude indeed. But one might overlook Martha's plan to someday travel to Switzerland herself and search for an even better lute. That could prove to be quite expensive. But, it seems in such matters as love, practicality is often overlooked. □

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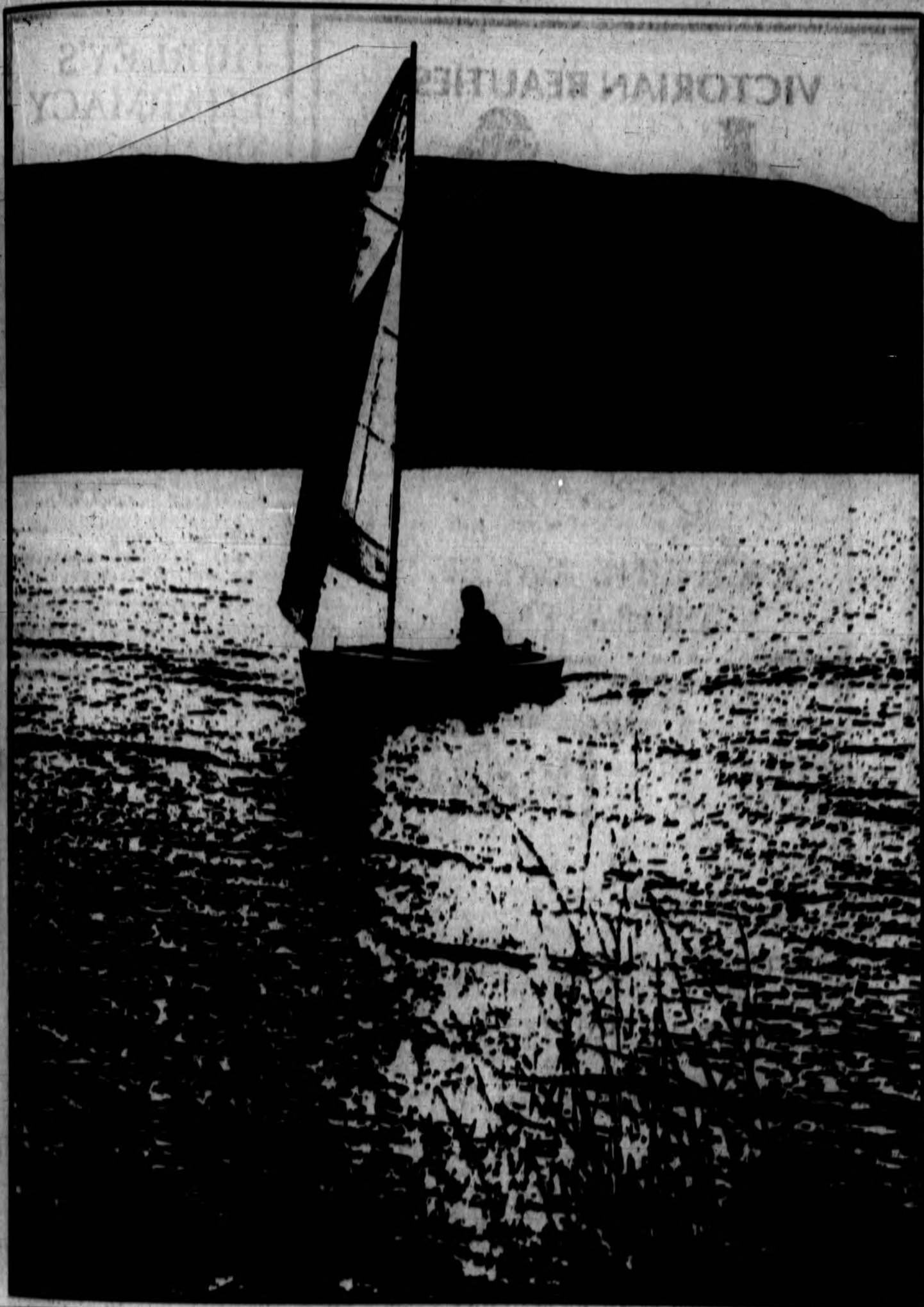
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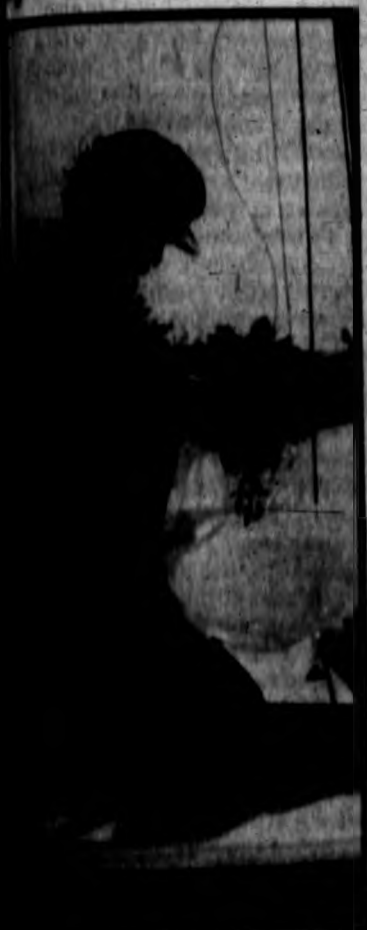
Every month members of this friendly, active club have several local outings. There are also intercollegiate races for those who wish to race. Newcomers to the group are taught the basics of sailing while soaking in the sun and sharing in the congenial atmosphere. Club president (Commodore) Jerry White says anyone interested in sailing is welcome to join in on the next outing.



# Photo essay by Randi Wald



Top: Wind whips on Laguna Lake  
concern Corinthian's Commodore  
Jerry White and his crew Erik Knudsen,  
Bob Miller and Larry Bell.



Left: But sails in a windy sea  
when's reluctance reflected on  
Erik Knudsen aboard Doo  
42 Pullin out of Morro

Top Right: After a week of classes  
and projects, Jeff Gurley finds  
peace on his Flying Junior.



Left: "This thig-a-me-jig goes in  
this doo-hiekey..." Architecture  
instructor Gary Dwyer rigs his boat  
for sailing.

Top: How many advisors cruise  
like this? Colonel William Black—  
Corinthians faculty advisor.

Top Right: After a week of classes  
and projects, Jeff Gurley finds  
peace on his Flying Junior.

Right: Windwept and with the  
wind on his face, Jeff Lind relaxes.



# Whisperings

by Jeanette Ozuna



Anyone who listens for the Lord might be surprised at what he found in the Old Testament, the prophet Elijah once found himself (losing his life). Taking refuge in a cave, he waited for the Lord. A strong and heavy wind rent the mountain—but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind there was an earthquake—the Lord was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake there was fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. After the fire there was a tiny whispering sound and Elijah hid his face (1 Kings 19:11-13).

There are whispering sounds on campus and all speak of the Lord. The Christian community in particular seems to be making itself heard. One such Christian is Mike Parrot, president of the Campus Crusade for Christ.

Mike comes from a family with a religious background. As he explained, "For a while I thought I was doing all right. Then I began to think there might be something more to religion." This "something more" was evidently what makes a difference between Mike and to so many other Christians on campus. Strangely enough this added dimension is Jesus Himself, not the buildings, the clerical hierarchy, or the religious services of themselves. If a definition of a Christian must be presented it would be as Mike explained, "Being a Christian means receiving Jesus as Savior and Lord, and yielding life to Him."

Before my interview with Mike I had spoken with a student who had become turned off by religion because of the hypocrisy in the lives of some people who are church-goers. I used this opportunity to question Mike about the oft mentioned complaint.

Mike pointed out that church attendance is not the sole mark of a Christian, but rather the decision to allow oneself to enter into a personal relationship with Christ. "Perhaps there are too many people calling themselves Christians when they aren't."

Mike is eager to share Christ with others. As he puts it, "If God has something to offer, you naturally want to talk about it."



The following Tuesday I attended a Campus Crusade meeting and I found that Christians not only want to talk about it, they also want to sing about it. Playing the guitar and leading the singing was Cathy Smith.

Cathy has a religious background in the Methodist Church. However, she claims she became a Christian when she was a junior in high school. She laughs and says her whole life began then, for that was the time she also began to play the guitar. Playing the guitar is one way for Cathy to share the good news. Cathy views her talent as a God-given gift and wants to use it for His honor. She is called upon quite often to play at campus Christian meetings and at youth gatherings at local churches. She often teams with John Bennett who has composed many Christian folk songs.

As a senior, Cathy has witnessed the gradual but steady growth of the Christian community here at Cal Poly. She views the growth of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship as an example. When she first began attending there was a group of about 50. Membership is now 400. Cathy estimates there must be about 800-1000 Christians on campus. The largest organizations are the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship and Campus Crusade for Christ.

I asked Cathy if she ever talked with people about her faith. She smiled and explained that she does, though she generally likes people to know her first. She feels that if people realize that a Christian is sincere in his beliefs they will be more open to what is said.

I was still curious as to one aspect of Christianity; an aspect which I had not been able to bring out from the Christians I had met. Perhaps I had not listened carefully. Perhaps it had not been the time.

I had been wondering what trying to suppress emotions did to believers. I wondered if sorrow, loneliness, or fear took their toll on faith. I wondered if, indeed, religion was used as an opium for dulling. And I wondered how Christians dealt with this problem, especially those I had met. It wasn't long before I heard something on the matter. →

photos by Steve Derr





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I was to attend an Inter-Varsity meeting, arrived an hour too early and sat in the lobby of the University Union idly waiting, when I saw a woman with her Bible. I decided to approach her and from her I heard a testimony which shed light on Christian growth during difficult times.

I asked Darlene, the woman, if her change to Christianity had come at a particular moment or if it had been gradual. Her circumstances had been rather unusual. She explained that when she was about nine-years-old her mother developed multiple sclerosis. Two years later her mother was no longer able to care for her and her siblings. It was then when her uncle came and suddenly removed Darlene from her father and had her placed in a foster home. She didn't understand why this had happened nor why she couldn't see her father.

Darlene continued, "You can imagine how frightening this experience was. I was scared, and the only person I could turn to was Jesus. He was my only friend at that time. My foster parents were good and more than willing to help but I had to adjust before I could accept their help. By turning daily to Jesus, He became more real in my life. When I realized I could rely on him everyday then my real conversion came." It was obvious that Darlene had matured because of her experience. Her trust in Jesus had been solidly based on hard reality.

At the Inter-Varsity meeting there were only 3 rows of chairs pushed against the wall of room 280 in the University Union. All available floor was used as sit-down space and the room was crowded.

The singing began and it reminded me of those at Campus Crusade who had shared their efforts at affirming their faith. There was a guy who suggested religion in sports as a possible discussion topic for class, and the girl in a home-ec. class who a discussion on marriage, stated that a Christ centered family was what she considered most important.

When I remember students affirming faith, speaking with the conviction of Mike, willing to serve like Cathy, and maturing like Darlene, I can't help but believe that the tiny whisperings will soon turn to a mighty roar. □





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# Old Friends

*Old friends,  
Old friends  
Sat on their park bench  
Like Bookends.*

*A newspaper blown through the grass  
Falls on the round toes  
On the high shoes  
Of the old friends.*

*Old friends,  
Winter companions,  
The old men  
Lost in their overcoats,  
Waiting for the sunset.*

*The sounds of the city,  
sifting through the trees,  
Settle like dust  
On the shoulders  
Of the old friends.*

*Can you imagine us  
Years from today,  
Sharing a park bench quietly?  
How terribly strange  
To be seventy.  
Memory brushes the same years,  
Silently sharing the same fear. . .  
. . . Time it was,  
And what a time it was,  
It was. . .  
A time of innocence,  
A time of confidence.  
Long ago. . . It must be. . .  
I have a photograph.  
Preserve your memories;  
They're all that's left you.*

*-Paul Simon*

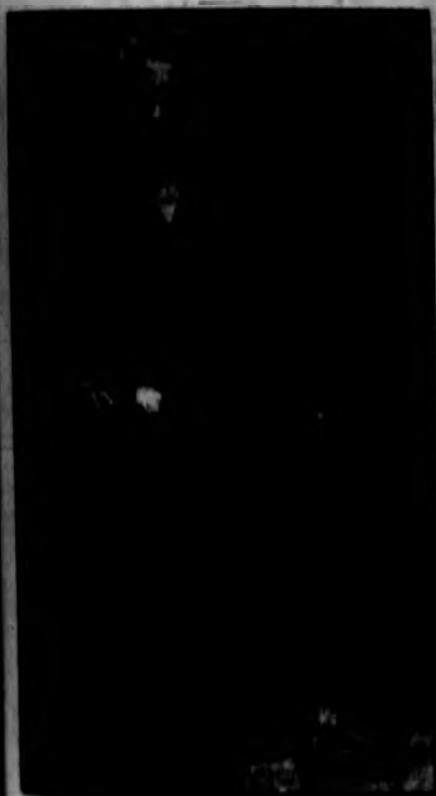
**a photo essay  
pictures and text  
by Dana Thomas  
with help from Paul Simon**

**You may ask why a photo  
essay about old age in a  
college publication.  
What is youth without old  
age?**

**A beginning without an  
end.  
Do you see a smile in any of  
these pictures?**

**Two men pass away their  
lives on a park bench.  
The man at the right was  
proud to be the "last of the  
habas."**

**Millie (below) posed on a  
bench and asked me to drop  
in for coffee.  
She made the paper flower  
in the new senior citizens  
center.  
why a senior citizen center  
at all?  
Why not an all-age center?  
Ask yourself!**



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# DAY

by Michael Ruskovich



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Anson's hands were doing two at once. His left hand flipped through the pages of his bacteriology book and his right hand lifted a cup of coffee to his lips.

He sipped the coffee and raised his eyes from his reading. He did not like to read, especially about bacteria. It was the middle of May and the sun rushed through the cafeteria windows and played in the hair of two girls sitting, chatting near them.

Those were his last days here. He would graduate soon, and Cal Anson would be in his past. He was glad to be leaving, but in a way he wasn't.

Anson was still unsure about his future, even though he'd already been offered a job as a soil analyst in a borax factory somewhere out in the Mojave Desert. His father was a man



doctor in the operation and had guaranteed him the high-paying position when he graduated.

Anson wasn't sure he wanted that, though. It seemed like such a dull existence... from the classroom to the laboratory. There had to be more to it than that. Sure, he had an education, but in the process of getting that education, he had never really done anything but study and take tests. Besides, it was a morning in May, and he kept remembering a line of poetry he'd read in one of his literature classes: "Spring is the mischief in me."

As the cafeteria tables began to fill with people, all kinds of people going all kinds of directions, Anson had a revelation. He decided he'd leave his mark at Cal Poly before he left. He wanted to make a few waves on what, since he first sat in a kindergarten desk, had been tormentingly tranquil seas.

He wasn't sure what it was he was going to do, but he only had a few short weeks in which to do it. Graduation was just around the corner.

He closed his bacteriology text with a snap and started to dream up a scheme. It was at that moment he noticed Carol coming through the glass doors of the cafeteria and walking toward the coffee machines. That was good. He could talk to Carol about it and, perhaps, she might even come up with something quite crazy for him to do. Carol was easy to talk to, and she always seemed to have an answer to his questions. Anson would miss that after graduation. She was a junior, and still had a year or so to go before she would graduate. He watched her as she paid her dime for the coffee. He'd known Carol since he was a sophomore. They'd met in a plant biology class. She, too, was a cell science major.

After she had paid for the coffee, he went to her. She smiled when she saw him and walked toward the table where he sat. As she neared the table he began talking. "Hello, Anson," he said. "How does it feel?" "How does what feel?" he asked, looking with the notebook in front of him.

"You know. How does it feel to be graduating?"

Anson shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, no big thing. What's graduation, anyway?"

"I'll tell you what it is," she said as she settled herself in her chair. "It's saying out of Cal Poly, finally. It's something that you came here to do. I envy you, I was in your shoes." "I wish you were, too," he mumbled.

"What? Tell me I didn't hear you correctly," she scoffed.

Anson swallowed some more coffee, and avoided looking into her eyes.

"You heard me right. I sometimes wish I had another year to go. If I'd known a year ago the way I'd feel now, I'd sure have done things differently."

She tilted her head to one side and stared at him. "You're not making much sense, Anson. What do you mean you'd have done things differently?"

Anson finally looked at her. "I mean that, instead of spending my time maintaining a decent grade point average, I'd have been having a little more fun."

Carol frowned. "I can't really believe you, Anson. Here you are, just a couple of weeks away from getting out of here, and you are regretting it."

Anson threw his hands into the air, nearly spilling what little coffee was left in his cup. "But in four years I never did anything except earn a degree."

"Well, that's quite an accomplishment," Carol argued. "Besides, you did something."

"Like what?"

"Well, how about the time you had to be carried home from the frat party because you were so drunk you passed out?"

"Big deal," Anson jeered. "real big deal."

"Ok. What about the time you hung the lower half of a picture of a nude woman on a poster of one of the homecoming queen candidates last year. Now that was funny. And it drew quite a crowd until some idiot tore it down."

Anson shrugged his shoulders again. "Carol, you don't get it. Those things were trivial. They were fun but fleeting."

Carol was persistent. "Ok, dummy,

you did a few serious things, too, and you know it. Remember those poems you had published in the literary magazine a couple of years ago? That was pretty good for a cell science major. All the rest of the contestants were English majors."

Anson was still not responding. "Yeah, but that still is nothing really unique. Just once before I leave this place I'd like to do something really wild. Just once I'd like to do something that Cal Poly will remember me by."

Carol was perplexed. Anson was in one of those moods again. She'd just have to humor him as she had always done when he got like this.

"Ok, hot-shot," she said, patronizingly, "you can still do it." She forced down another sip of coffee and waited for his reply. But he just hung his head in his hands.

"You can still have your fling," she continued, feeling that she was finally getting through to him. "But if I was you, I'd just be glad to..."

Anson stopped her. "Yes, Carol, but you aren't me." Sometimes it bothered him that Carol was so smart. He tried to be liberal about it, but he still could not overcome that inborn feeling that girls were not supposed to be smart. Carol was competition for him. Sometimes he liked it. Sometimes he didn't. At any rate, he didn't want her to be smart today. He had too much to think about for her to be getting smart on him.

They both sat quietly for a moment. Anson finally broke the silence when he started speaking aloud. "I know what I could do," he said. "I could take off all my clothes and go running through the last SAC meeting of the year silly stark naked."

Carol laughed. "Sure, Anson, sure."

"I don't care if you believe me," he retorted. "You don't know me as well as you think you do." He sipped some more coffee. "Now if you can't help me think of something, then don't stymie my creativity."

Carol raised her eyebrows. "Yes, Mr. Divi lol."

Anson snarled at her and continued with his plans. "I know. I'll stand up on the University Union balcony shouting obscenities across the plaza while I burn all the traffic tickets I've collected this quarter."

Carol shook her head, but Anson kept it up. "I've got a better idea!" He was getting excited now. "I'll sneak down to the swine unit in my buddy Bill's pick-up and borrow one of the hogs. We can let it go in one of the dorms. I can just see it... wait. I've got it. A cow. A cow would be even better. We'll get one that's been on a nice green pasture and let it go in Yosemite Hall." →



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Carol raised her eyes, meeting the ceiling. "Kinda childish, isn't it?"

"All right, little miss know-it-all, gimme a chance. I'll think of something."

There was another short period of silence. Anson squinted his eyes, searching for a thought, but he was unable to squeeze another word from his head. Carol grew impatient.

"Why don't you quit school tomorrow?" she sighed.

"What?" Anson shouted, jumping out of his chair. "What did you say?"

Carol smiled. "I said why don't you quit school just before you graduate?"

Anson just stood there, frozen. His eyes stared off into some other world when he thought about it. Then he looked down at Carol and laughed.

"That's it, Carol, you've done it again. Brilliant, baby, brilliant!"

"Of course, Anson," Carol said unemotionally. "Think nothing of it."

Anson was ecstatic. He sat down again, but he couldn't keep from thinking of it. "I can't believe I see his old borax factory go up in flames then have this happen. To my grandparents. Hal I know. What I'll say," he babbled, tapping his feet, again. "I'll tell them I quit. I'll become a hobo. I'll say I found a noble calling. 'Heck with making money, grandpa' I'll say, 'I'm going to do what I was meant to do, drink cheap wine and ride the rails.' Oh, yes, is that going to freak them out?"





Anson carried on for about ten minutes. Carol listened. She listened as he rambled on about how his instructors faces were going to look when he told them the news. He looked at the thought of how some of his more studious friends would react. He might even make the newspapers," he chortled.

Finally, after he'd laughed over every possible outcome of his plan, he stopped. "Boy, what a great idea. I don't know what I'd do without it."

"I don't know either," she said. Anson looked at her and, as if a memory was needed, he summarized it for her. "I'm actually going to quit school. I'm really going to do it. Look out, Dad. Look out, Cal Poly. Look out, world." He was quite pleased with himself. "Take your Bachelor of Science degree and shove it up your f---ing cabinet." He shook his head with satisfaction at this, and looked at Carol as if to say, "Boy, did I show 'em."

Carol started staring at Anson again. He wished she'd stop. It made him feel uncomfortable when she looked at him like that. It felt like she could see right through him.

The silence was beginning to get to him. He fidgeted with his books and glanced, nervously, up at the clock. "Oh, no," he moaned. "That clock isn't right is it?"

Carol looked at her wristwatch. "Yes, because it is right."

"Oh, great," Anson grunted, grabbing his books.

"What's the matter?" Carol asked, as he picked them up from the table and gulped down the coffee that had turned stone cold.

"I've got to get over to my economics class. We're having a quiz today and if I can get an "A" on this one, I've got at least a "B" seed for the quarter."

Anson started for the door. "See you Carol," he said, without turning back.

"Bye, Anson," she replied with a knowing smile. She watched him as he hurried out the door and into the golden sunshine of May.

The sunshine made her smile stay for long time. ☐



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